SOME NEW BOOKS.

Sir John Everett Millais.

We have before us in two large octavo volumes, embellished with more than three hundred illustrations, *The Life and Works of Sir John Everett Millais, Sometime President of the Royal Academy*, by his son, JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). This book, of course, is not a mere biography, but a history of the pre-Raphaelite movement in England. It is also a copious contribution to the anecdotical history of the Victorian Age, a chapter being devoted to the author's relations with Leech, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins and Anthony Trollope. We read also a great deal about Holman Hunt, Landseer, Dickens, Lord Lytton, John Bright, Disraeli and Gladstone. Those who care for Du Maurier's stories will be glad to learn that a chapter is allotted to their author. It might be imagined that, in a life of Millais written by his son, all references to John Ruskin would be omitted. Such, nevertheless, is not the case. We can scarcely expect, however, to hear the biographer discourse at any length upon his mother's divorce from Mr. Ruskin. The only reference to the subject will be found on pages 287-288 of the first volume, where we are told that, on July 3, 1855, John Everett Millais was married to Euphemia Chalmer Gray, eldest daughter of Mr. George Gray of Bowerswell, Perth. In a note we read: "Miss Gray had been previously married [to John Ruskin], but that marriage had been annulled in 1854 on grounds sanctioned equally by Church and State. Both good taste and feeling seem to require that no detailed references should be made to the circumstances attending that annulment. But, on behalf of those who love their mother well, it may surely be said that, during the course of the judicial proceedings instituted by her, and throughout the period of the void marriage and the whole of her after years, not one word could be or ever was uttered impugning the correctness and purity of her life." Her son adds that he would say at once "how much of my father's happiness in after years was due to the chief event of this day. During the forty-one years of their married life my mother took the keenest interest in his work, and did all in her power to contribute to his success, taking upon herself not only the care of the household and the management of the family affairs, but the great bulk of his correspondence, and saving him an infinity of trouble by personally ascertaining the objects of his callers before admitting them into his presence. A great relief, this, for business affairs and letter-writing were equally hateful in his eyes, and, in spite of himself, his correspondence increased day by day." We are further informed that Lady Millais, although possessed of the artistic sense in a considerable degree, "was happily free from the artistic temperament, whilst her knowledge of history proved a valuable acquisition. When a historical picture was in contemplation, she delighted to study anew the circumstances and the characters to be depicted, and to gather for her husband's use all particulars as to the scene and the costumes of the period. Her musical accomplishments (she was an excellent pianist) were also turned to good account in hours of leisure, and not infrequently as a soothing antidote to the worries that too often beset the artist in the exercise of his craft."

I.

John Everett Millais was born at Southampton on June 8, 1829; he was the youngest son of John William Millais, a descendant of an old Norman family, which, according to tradition, had resided in Jersey since the Conquest. John William Millais was a man of fine presence and undeniable talent, being not only a fair artist but an excellent musician. With all his gifts, he was a man of no ambition, save as his children might be concerned, and desired nothing beyond the life he led as a quiet country gentleman. Some four years after the birth of the subject of this biography, his parents returned to Jersey, and settled near St. Heliers. In 1835, the family removed to Dinan in Brittany, where they remained two years, after which they went back to St. Heliers. The only general education which John Millais seems to have received was derived from his mother. His instruction in art, on the other hand, began early. In the winter of 1838-39, when he was not yet ten years old, a vacancy was found for him in the best art academy of the time, a preparatory school at Bloomsbury, kept by a portrait painter of repute named Henry Sass. While still between nine and ten years of age, young Millais gained the silver medal offered by the Society of Arts for a large drawing of "The Battle of Bannockburn." At the age of 10, Millais was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, the youngest student who ever found entrance within its walls, and, during the six years passed there, he carried off every honor the Academy had to bestow. At 13, he won a medal for a drawing from the antique; at 14 he began to paint, and, at 17, after taking the gold medal for an oil painting called "The Benjaminites Seizing Their Brides," he contributed to the annual exhibition a canvas which was placed by a French critic on a level with the best historical work of the year. It was the picture of "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru." At the Academy, where he was then well treated, and became a general favorite, they nicknamed Millais "the Child," a name that stuck to him for the rest of his life at the Garrick Club. He worked unceasingly, and was recognized universally as a youthful genius from whom great things were to be expected, but as the smallest and youngest member of the community, he had to "fag," and was generally told off to fetch pies and skulk for his fellow students while they were at work.

After Millais had received the gold medal of the Royal Academy, many distinguished men took notice of him, and, notably, Rogers, the banker-poet, whose breakfast parties are matters of history. All the literary lions of the day were to be met there, but at that time young men were expected to listen respectfully when older and wiser men held forth. Millais would recall that Rogers used to speak learnedly on some subject for perhaps five minutes, and then, after a pause, would say: "Now Mr. Macaulay, kindly favor us with your opinion of the subject," whereupon Macaulay would square up and orate. While Macaulay was talking, Rogers, who was a confirmed invalid, would gradually slip down into his chair, his servants having to pull him up by the collar when he wished to speak again. He was extremely kind, but pompous in manner, and had little or no sense of humor. If a stranger arrived, he would say to his servant, "Thomas, bring down that volume of my Celebrated Poems." Rogers took an almost parental interest in Millais, though treating him occasionally with a severity that bordered on the comic. The young artist hated sugar in his tea, and, on more than one occasion, expressed his dislike. "Thomas," the poet would say, "put three lumps of sugar in Mr. Millais's tea. He ought to like sugar, he is too thin." Rogers had an MS. missal of great value of which he was vastly proud. One day little Millais picked it up to show it to a young lady. "Boy," roared Rogers from the other end of the room, almost suffocating himself as he slipped down into his chair, "can't you speak about a book without fingering it? How dare you touch my missal?" On another occasion, a poor looking man, apparently a country clergyman, dressed in a shabby tail-coat, came to thank Rogers for hospitality before leaving town. As the departing guest vanished through the door, after shaking hands with the little artist, the poet turned to Millais, who was standing near, and said in solemn tones, "Boy, do you know who that was? Some day you will be proud to say that you once met William Wordsworth." In 1895, Mr. Gladstone and Millais were the only survivors of those famous breakfast parties.

In 1845 Millais, being then 16 years of age, happened to become acquainted with a certain Serjeant Thomas, a retired lawyer, given to trading in works of art. Recognizing his talent, and knowing that young Millais was very poor, Thomas offered him £100 a year to come to his house every Saturday and paint small pictures or backgrounds, as might be required. The terms seemed fair enough, and, in the end, a contract was drawn up by the lawyer, and duly signed, binding Millais to serve in this way for two years. Littl did he guess what a galling yoke was to be hung upon his neck. Thomas, who, as a picture dealer, got about a hundred per cent. rofit out of the outh's work, worried him beyond measure by his constant interference, his restrictive rule and gen ral insolence of manner. At last, long before the two years were over, things came to a crisis. One Saturday morning Millais came to his work some ten minutes late, whereupon Thomas attacked him furiously, winding up a long harangue with a personal remark that stung him to the quick. The artist had just arranged his palette with fresh oil colors, and, in a moment, sent it flying at his employer's head. A violent slamming of the door announced Millais's departure, and his determination never to enter the house again. The two made it up, however, later on. Thomas agreed to increase the pay to £150 a year, and, for a short time longer, Millais continued to work for him.

II.

Holman Hunt has recorded that it was in the beginning of the year 1848 that Millais and he determined to adopt the style of absolute independence as to art dogma and convention. This he called pre-Raphaeliteism. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was already Hunt's pupil, and it seemed certain that he also in time would work on the same principle. The friendly intercourse, however, between Millais and D. G. Rossetti, lasted only four years, namely, from 1848 to 1852. From the last named year to 1854 they met occasionally, but, after that, came rarely into contact, and, in 1856 even casual meetings ceased. Millais himself has pointed out that "the only one of my pictures that I can think of as showing the influence of Rossetti is the Isabella, in which some of the vestments were worked out in accordance with the book of mediæval costumes which he was kind enough to lend me." Millais went on to say that "it was Hunt, not Rossetti, whom I habitually consulted in case of doubt. He was my intimate friend and companion; we were working together then, and constantly criticised each other's pictures." There is no doubt that Millais hated humbug, and, if Rossetti had been the guiding spirit of his work, as certain critics alleged, he would have been the first to say so.

The author of this biography directs attention to another mistake made by critics, in assuming that the pre-Raphaelite movement owed its origin to Ruskin. Max Nordau, for example, attributes the foundation of the brotherhood to the teachings of Ruskin, when, as a matter of fact, Holman Hunt and Millais were pre-Raphaelites before Ruskin ever wrote a line on the subject. At the Academy one of Ruskin's admirers lent Hunt a copy of "Modern Painters," and Hunt read it with enthusiasm, as partially embodying his own preconceived ideal of art. Millais, however, when asked to read the work, refused to do so, saying he had his own ideas, and convinced of their soundness, should carry them out regardless of what any man might say. We have Holman Hunt's authority for the statement that Millais was never for a moment influenced by Ruskin's teachings. Ruskin, it is true, held Millais up as the shining light of the pre-Raphaelites, and explained his pictures to the multitudes according to the critic's own ideas. That, of course, proves nothing with regard to Millais's attitude toward Ruskin. Toward the close of his life, when a friend brought to Millais's notice Max Nordau's assertion that Ruskin was the moving spirit of the pre-Raphaelites in their early days, he indignantly denied it, and wrote a letter in which he characterized Nordau's remarks as "twaddling rubbish on a subject about which he knows absolutely nothing." Here we may mention the curious fact that the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood neither smoked, drank or swore, and that at a period when, according to Thackeray, all Bohemia was saturated with tobacco, spirits and quaint oaths. Millais, however, after attaining his artistic puberty," as he called it, came to regard the pipe of peace as a friend and consoler when he was well-nigh distraught with his work.

The first big work in which Millais threw down the gauntlet to the critics was "Lorenzo and Isabella," the subject of which was taken from Keats's paraphrase of Boccacio's story. Holman Hunt called it the "most wonderful picture in the world for a lad of twenty," but many of the critics spoke of it in terms of qualified approval, and by the general public it was looked upon as a joke. Only two members of the Royal Academy Council considered his next picture, "Christ in the Carpenter Shop," entitled to a favorable consideration. Even Charles Dickens, who, afterward, became a firm friend of Millais, denounced this painting as "mean, odious, revolting and repulsive." The picture was sold, however, for £150 to a dealer named Farrer, whose confidence in the young artist was displayed by placing on the back of the canvas all the adverse criticisms that appeared. "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel," painted in 1849, had, at first, an unlucky fate. The dealer for whom it was made, for an agreed price of £100, refused to take it, and when, later on, it was exhibited at the Academy, now the National Gallery, it was ignominously placed low down in a corner of one of the long rooms. Not long afterward, however, Richard Ellison, a well-known connoisseur, was brought to the young artist's studio, and gave £150 for the picture. It has been since sold for a far larger sum.

It was in 1851 that "Mariana in the Moated Grange" was exhibited. The canvass bore the following quotation from Tennyson's well-known poem:

> She only said 'my life is dreary—
> He cometh not,' she said;
> She said, 'I am aweary, aweary
> I would that I were dead.'

The picture represents Marianna rising to her full height, and bending backward with half-closed eyes. She is weary of all things, including the embroidery frame which stands before her. Her dress of deep rich blue contrasts with the red orange color of the seat beside which she stands. In the front of the figure is a window of stained glass, through which may be seen a sunlit garden beyond; in contrast with this is seen, on the right of the picture, an oratory, in the dark shadow of which a lamp is burning. This picture was sold to a dealer for £150. We are told that, during the execution of the work, Millais came down one day and found that things were at a standstill, owing to the want of a model to paint from. He, naturally, disliked being stopped in his work, but the only thing he could think of was to sketch in the mouse that

> Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
> Or from the crevice peered about.

But where was the mouse to paint from? Millais's father, who had just come in, thought of scouring the country in search of one, but, at that moment, an obliging mouse ran across the floor and hid behind a portfolio. Quick as lightning, Millais gave the portfolio a kick, and, on removing it, the mouse was found dead, in the best possible position for drawing it.

III.

It seems that more sketches were made for Millais's picture of the "Huguenot" than for any others of his works. His son has a number of these sketches in his possession. They show that the artist's first idea was to put other figures in the picture; two priests holding up the crucifix to the Huguenot, whose sweetheart, likewise, adds her persuasion. Other drawings show a priest on either side of the lover, holding up one of the great candles of the Roman Catholic Church, which the Protestant waves back with a gesture of disapproval. These ideas were ultimately discarded, the artist trusting to the simplicity of the pathos which marks his final choice of subject. The scene, it will be remembered, is supposed to take place on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "I shall have," wrote Millais, "two lovers in the act of parting; the woman a Papist and the man a Protestant. The badge worn to distinguish the former from the latter was a white scarf on the left arm. Many were base enough to escape murder by wearing it. The girl will be endeavoring to tie the handkerchief round the man's arm in order to save him; but he, holding his faith above his greatest worldly love, will be softly preventing her. I am in high spirits about the subject, *as it is entirely my own*, and, I think, contains the highest moral." The model for "Ophelia," also exhibited in 1851, was a milliner's apprentice, with red, coppery hair, afterward married to D. G. Rossetti. There is no doubt that "Ophelia" is one of the great triumphs of Millais's pre-Raphaelite days. When "A Huguenot" was exhibited at the Royal Academy, crowds stood before it all day long. Men stood before it for hours, and went away but to return. The painting had clothed the old feelings of men in a new garment, and its pathos found almost universal acceptance. This, indeed, was the picture that brought Millais to the height of his reputation. It is said to have been painted under a commission for Medina for £150, but, as a matter of fact, Millais received £250 for it, paid in installments, and, in course of time, the buyer gave him £50 more, because he had profited greatly by the sale of the engraving.

"The Huguenot" was the first of a series of four paintings embracing "The Proscribed Royalist," "The Order of Release" and "The Black Brunswicker," each of which represents a more or less unfinished story of unselfish love, in which the sweetness of woman shines conspicuous. The figure of "The Huguenot" was painted, from the most part, from Mr. Arthur, subsequently General, Lempriere. A lovely woman named Miss Ryan who, afterward, however, married an ostler, sat for the lady in "The Huguenot." The figure and face of the woman in "The Proscribed Royalist" were finally taken, not from Mrs. Ruskin, as has been asserted, but from the same Miss Ryan who was the model for "The Huguenot." The commission for "The Order of Release" came from a Mr. Joseph Arden, through Thackeray. The scene takes place, not outside of a prison, as has been absurdly supposed, but in a bare waiting room into which a young Highland clansman has been ushered to his wife, while the jailer takes the order of release, which will have to be verified by his superior officer before it can result in final liberty. If such an event ever happened, if ever a Highlander's wife brought a pardon for her husband to a reluctant turnkey, things must have occurred thus. The work is saved by expression and color from the realism of a photograph. It is the head of the woman in this picture that was painted from Mrs. Ruskin; her son assures us that it was a perfect likeness of her in 1853, except only as to the color of her hair, which was really a golden auburn, but which in the painting was changed to black in order to contrast with that of the child. This picture is said to have been the first ever hung on the walls of the Academy which required the services of a policeman to move on the crowd. It was sold by Millais for £400; in 1878, it was resold for £2,853, and, ultimately, attained the price of 5,000 guineas.

One of the keenest disappointments of Millais's early life occurred in 1850, when, after being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, the appointment was quashed on the ground of his extreme youth. Since that time his work had risen year by year in public esteem, but, as yet, no official recognition of their merit had come from the Academy. He was, therefore, more than usually interested in the election which was to take place in November, 1853. Several influential Academicians had promised to vote for him, and, as a matter of fact, he was chosen an Associate at that meeting. D. G. Rossetti, when he heard the news, declared, "So now the whole round table is dissolved," meaning, of course, that Millais, having been received into the fold of recognized authority, would cease to support the heterodox principles which he had hitherto upheld." He continued to work on the same lines, however, until 1860, when his painting of minute detail became gradually merged in greater breadth of treatment. "The Rescue," which was exhibited in 1855, Millais, himself, considered his best work. When, therefore, he went to the Academy on Varnishing Day, and found that the picture had been deliberately skied, his indignation knew no bounds. He told the Hanging Committee to their faces what he thought of the insult, and of them, as the authors of it. He threatened to take away his picture and resign from the Academy unless they rehung him, which they did. The truth is that the Hanging Committee were jealous of all rising men.

IV.

We turn to the chapter which deals with some of Millais's intimate friends. Of John Leech, the famous caricaturist of *Punch*, it was always more or less painful to Millais, we are told, to speak, after the former's death, though, now and then, when sport was uppermost in his mind, he would talk enthusiastically of the happy days when the two shot or rode together, or rollicked about town. It was in 1851 that Leech and Millais first met, and one of the first results of the intimacy was the latter's conversion to the former's belief that fox-hunting is one of the finest sports in the world, both for man and beast. The following season saw Millais at the cover side, booted and spurred, and bent on going with the best, if only his horse would let him. From this time till the day of his death John Leech was one of his closest friends. They hunted together in the shires, shot, fished and stalked together, and all the amusing sketches in *Punch* to which Leech owed his fame, the deer-stalking, grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing adventures, depicted as incidents in the life of "Mr. Briggs," were but burlesque representations of Leech's own experience as a tyro on his first visit to Scotland principally as Millais's guest. Leech used to say he could never quite understand Scotchmen. They were, he thought, a curious, uncongenial people, with queer ways and customs, very perplexing to a stranger, who in his ignorance might readily give offence where he least intended to do so. An instance occurred one day where he and Millais by chance came across a man in a red shirt who was cutting down a tree in a way that suggested at least a passing acquaintance with the whiskey bottle. Recognizing him as a local laird whom they had met before, Leech shyly addressed him as "Mr. McR." "Who the devil are you calling Mr. McR? I am The McR," roared the fiery Scot, upon which Leech apologized and made off at once. In a letter from Leech to Millais dated in October, 1855, he said: "'The Newcomes' is a wonderful book, particularly the latter part of it—the old Colonel's 'Adsum!' What genuine pathos! I dined with Thackeray the day before he started for America. I don't think he liked leaving England. Would that he were back working away at another book!" As Leech advanced in years, his melancholy and sensitiveness, due in a great measure to overwork, increased. He became so nervous that the very slightest noise disturbed him, and living in London as he did, he could hardly escape from barrel-organs, bands, whistling boys and shrieking milkmen. At last that dread disease, "angina pectoris," came upon him, and, one evening, when Millais was painting, a terrified domestic, whom he at once recognized as Leech's housemaid, rushed in, saying that her master had another bad attack and was crying aloud, "Millais! Millais!" The next moment, Millais was off, and running through the streets of Kensington, he mounted the stairs of his old friend's room, and found him lying across the bed quite still and warm, but, to all appearance, dead, the belief in the house being that he expired at the moment of his friend's arrival. A few days later, he was laid to rest. Du Maurier has told us: "I was invited by the publishers of *Punch* to the funeral, which took place at Kensal Green. It was the most touching sight imaginable. The grave was near Thackeray's, who had died the year before. There were crowds of people, Charles Dickens among them. Canon Hole, a great friend of Leech's, led the service; and, when the coffin was lowered into the grave, John Millais burst into tears and loud sobs, setting an example that was followed all round. We all forgot our manhood and cried like women."

As to Thackeray, the author of this biography says, that his father and mother always regarded the novelist as one of the most delightful characters they had ever met. We are assured that, although in dealing with the infirmities of human nature, his works now and then show traces of cynicism, the man himself was no cynic; was, rather indeed, to those who knew him best, a most sympathetic friend, and tender-hearted almost to a fault. For some years Thackeray entertained and brought up as one of his family, the daughter of a deceased friend; and so grieved was he at the thought of parting from her that, on her wedding day, he came for consolation to Millais's studio, and spent most of the afternoon in tears. For a characteristic reminiscence of Thackeray we are indebted to William Millais who says: "I was sitting with my brother in the Cromwell place studio, when Thackeray suddenly came in all aglow with enthusiasm at my brother's fame. Every window in every shop that had the least pretension to art display, he said, was full of the engravings of his popular works. On his way he had seen innumerable 'Orders of Release,' 'Black Brunswickers' and 'Huguenots'; in fact, he had no hesitation in affirming that John Millais was the most famous man of the day. He then alluded to his own miserable failure at first, and told us how he had taken some of his works, which have since been acknowledged to be the finest specimens of English literature, to the leading publishers, and how they had, one and all, sneeringly hinted that no one would read his works after Dickens." In reply, John Millais recounted how, on the day before, an incident had occurred that proved that his fame, even amongst his own profession, was not all that Thackeray had painted it. He had met an old fellow-student of the Royal Academy who had taken the second prize to his first at the age of 12. The man was now full grown, and had strongly marked features; moreover, he wore the same old military cloak that he used to wear in the old days. So Millais had no difficulty in recognizing him, and, addressing him at once, he said: "Well, P——, and what are you doing? And how are you? It is a long time since we met." P—— said he was grubbing away at teaching. "But who are you, pray?" he continued. On being told the name, he rejoined: "What! Little Johnnie Millais? And now, may I ask what you have done all this time? Have you pursued the arts?" On the same occasion Thackeray told a story of Carlyle; how the latter had spent a day in the reading room of the British Museum, and had given a great deal of trouble to one of the officials, sending him up and down ladders in search of books, and how, upon Carlyle's leaving the room, he, Thackeray, had gone up to the man and told him that it might be some satisfaction to him to know that he had obliged Thomas Carlyle, and that the official had answered him, with a bland smile and a washing of his hands in the air, that the gentleman had the advantage of him, but that, probably, they might have met at some common friend's house. He had never heard of Thomas Carlyle!

Wilkie Collins was, for many years, among Millais's most intimate friends. The facts regarding the origin of Collins's famous novel, "The Woman in White," are here set forth, so far as the biographer is at liberty to disclose them. "One night in the fifties, Millais was returning home from one of the many parties held under Mrs. Collins's hospitable roof in Hanover terrace, and, in accordance with the usual practice of the two brothers, Wilkie and Charles, they accompanied him home on his walk through the dimly-lit, and, in those days, semi-rural roads and lanes of north London. It was a beautiful moonlight night in the summer time, and, as the three friends walked along, chatting gaily together, they were suddenly arrested by a piercing scream coming from the garden of a villa close at hand. It was evidently the cry of a women in distress; and, while pausing to consider what they should do, the iron gate leading to the garden was dashed open, and, from it, came the figure of a young and very beautiful woman dressed in flowing white robes that shone in the moonlight. She seemed to float rather than to run in their direction, and, on coming up to the three young men, she paused for a moment in an attitude of supplication and terror. Then, seeming to recollect herself, she suddenly moved on and vanished in the shadows cast upon the road. 'What a lovely woman!' was all Millais could say. 'I must see who she is and what's the matter,' said Wilkie Collins, as, without another word, he dashed off after her. His two companions waited in vain for his return, and, next day, when they met again, he seemed indisposed to talk of his adventure. They gathered from him, however, that he had come up with the lovely fugitive, and had heard from her own lips the history of her life and the cause of her sudden flight. She was a young lady of good birth and position, who had accidentally fallen into the hands of a man living in a villa in Regent Park. There for many months he kept her prisoner under threats and mesmeric influence of so alarming a character that she dared not attempt to escape, until, in sheer desperation, she fled from the brute who, with a poker in his hand, threatened to dash her brains out. Her subsequent history, interesting as it is, is not for these pages."

Anthony Trollope was another of Millais's *amis du coeur*. They met, it seems, for the first time, at a dinner given by Mr. George Smith to the contributors to the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The friendship there formed ended only with Trollope's death in 1882. In the autobiography, published after his decease, there is a touching record of his affection for Millais: "Mr. Millais was engaged to illustrate 'Framley Parsonage.' He afterward illustrated 'Orley Farm,' 'The Small House at Allington,' 'Rachel Ray' and 'Phineas Finn.' Altogether he drew for my tales eighty-seven drawings, and I do not think more conscientious work was ever done by man. Writers of novels know well, and so ought readers of novels to have learned, that there are two modes of illustrating, either of which may be equally adopted by a bad and by a good artist. To Mr. Millais as a good artist, it was open simply to make a pretty picture, or to study the work of the author from whose writing he was bound to take his subject. I have too often found that the former alternative has been thought to be the better, as it certainly is the easier method. An artist will frequently dislike to subordinate his ideas to those of an author and will sometimes be too idle to find out what those ideas are. But this artist was neither proud not idle. In every figure that he drew it was his object to promote the views of the writer whose work he had undertaken to illustrate, and he never spared himself any pains in studying the work so as to enable him to do so. Those illustrations were begun fifteen years ago, and from that time up to this day my affection for the man has increased. To see him has always been a pleasure. His voice has been a sweet sound in my ears. Behind his back I have never heard him praised without joining his eulogists; I have never heard a word spoken against him without opposing the censurer. These words, should he ever see them, will come to him from the grave, and will tell him of my regard, as one living man never tells another."

V.

In 1856 Millais produced the pictures called "Peace Concluded," better known as "The Return from the Crimea," and "Autumn Leaves." Of the former picture Ruskin wrote: "Titian himself could hardly head him now. This picture is as brilliant in invention as consummate in executive power. Both this and 'Autumn Leaves' will rank, in future, among the world's best masterpieces." We are told that Col. "Bob" Malcolm sat for the man and Mrs. Millais for the lady, in the former painting. In spite of Ruskin's praise the author of this biography does not regard "The Return from the Crimea" as a good example of his f ther's work.

It was at this period that the forces of the London press and the Academy combined in the attempt to crush Millais, as the leader of the new school of artists. In those days, a great London newspaper had far more influence in the formation of public opinion than it has to-day. Not only were the leading journals against Millais, but some of the most influential members of the Academy joined in the crusade with an animosity hardly conceivable in these liberal times. In a letter of Millais's, written in May, 1856, we read: "So determined are the Academicians to insult every man who chooses to purchase my works, that this year they have done the same with Miller [who had purchased 'Peace Concluded'] as they did with Arden when he bought 'The Order of Release.' For the first time, they have not sent him an invitation to the dinner." In another letter of about the same date, we read: "I have found out the name of the *Times* critic. It is F——, an artist. I don't indeed, expect any better treatment from the press in my lifetime, as the critics are too intimately mixed up with the profession. The result is the same as in the other years—there is no getting near the pictures at the opening—so I am perfectly satisfied with the public's reception of them this year." And again: "I have the whole of the Royal Academy, with one or two exceptions, dead against me, which makes all intercourse with them unpleasant. The 'Peace Concluded,' however, has sold for a great deal more than any other picture in the Royal Academy, excepting Landseer's, and I shall obtain a still better price next year. With this knowledge, I think we may rest very well satisfied, as such solid success is never achieved against such powerful opposition without its having unmistakable deserts. This the world will see in spite of all these shameful attempts to ruin me." In the same month of May, 1856, Millais tells of the treatment meted out to Charles Reade, whom he mentions for the first time, who afterward became a great friend of his: "I dined at the Garrick with Reade, the author of 'It is Never Too Late to Mend.' He is delighted with my pictures, and regards all criticism as worthless. He has never been reviewed at all in the *Times*, although his book has passed through more editions than most of the first-class novels." In 1856-57, "The Blind Girl" and "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" were produced. When the latter picture was exhibited in the Academy, it was greeted with howls of execration, the lion's roar of Ruskin being this time heard high above the jackal's whelp of his followers. The great critic could see in it no single point for admiration. Now, however, that time and varnish have done their work, the picture is as universally praised as it was formerly condemned. "Time and varnish," Millais used to say, "are the greatest Old Masters that ever lived." Among the satirical comments published at the time on "Sir Isumbras" was a large print entitled "A Nightmare," and believed to be the work of a distinguished brother artist. It represented Millais's picture in a ludicrous manner, and showed the painter in the act of crossing a ford on the back of a loud-braying ass. Seated on the front of the saddle in the place of one of the woodcutter's children, Dante G. Rossetti was depicted in the mighty hands of the steel-clad knight. Clinging round the waist of the champion was a quaint manikin, meant for Holman Hunt. The picture of "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" was purchased by Charles Reade. After his death, it became the property of Mr. John Graham, and, on the latter's decease, Mr. Robert Vincent bought it for a large sum. Millais himself considered the horse in the painting defective, and altered it in the latter years of his life. He wrote to the owner at the time (Aug. 1892): "Faulty as it undoubtedly was, the poetry in the picture ought to have saved it from the savage onslaught of all the critics, notably, John Ruskin, who wrote of it, 'This is not a fiasco, but a catastrophe.' On the other hand, Thackeray embraced me, put his arms round my neck, and said 'Never mind, my boy, go on painting more such pictures.'"

Millais exhibited nothing in 1858, and, in the following year, came the turning point in his life, the period when, with the exception of a few men of independent judgment, all the powers of the art world were arrayed against him, and, under their influence, even the picture dealers began to look askance upon his work. Thus, even from the financial point of view, the situation was critical. Ruin stared the painter in the face, ruin to himself, his wife and family. One cannot wonder that, under the strain and peril of the time, his letters betray not only amazement at the crass stupidity of some of his critics, but also a deep sense of injury, and a rooted belief that envy, hatred and malice were at the bottom of the uproar. The pictures exhibited by Millais at the Royal Academy in 1859 were "The Vale of Rest," "The Love of James I. of Scotland," and "Apple Blossoms." On April 29, the painter wrote: "I have just come from the private view. To tell you the truth I think it likely I shall not sell one of my pictures. The clique has been most successful against me this year, and few people look at my work. Everywhere I hear of the infamous attempts to destroy me. (The truth is these pictures are not vulgar enough for general appreciation.) Gambert was there and several dealers, *but none spoke to me.*" The fact of the matter is I am out of fashion." By and by, however, the picture dealers began to come around, and one of them bought "The Vale of Rest" for 700 guineas; it was afterward sold for £3,000. The two other pictures of this year also brought a good price. When, in 1860, "The Black Brunswicker" appeared on the Academy walls, the public hailed it enthusiastically as one of the greatest gems of the Exhibition, though, with few exceptions, the press still showed itself unfriendly.

From 1860 down to 1869, Millais was chiefly engaged in black-and-white work and water-color drawings, under commissions from various publishers and picture dealers. The money he received for these drawin s was but a nominal recompense for the labor bestowed upon them; for, unless perfectly satisfied with the finished production, he would tear it up at once, even if he had spent whole days upon it; scamped work, in any shape, being an abomination in his eyes. It was a constant source of lament to him that, under the pressure of pecuniary needs, even first-rate men were sometimes compelled to turn out more work than they could possibly do with credit to themselves. He would notice this now and then in the illustrated literature of the day, and out would come the remark, "Another poor devil gone wrong for the sake of a few sovereigns!"

It will be remembered that Thackeray died on Dec. 24, 1863. On the following day, Millais wrote: "I am sure you will be dreadfully shocked, as I was, at the loss of poor Thackeray. He was found dead by his servant in the morning, and, of course, the whole house is in a state of the utmost confusion and pain. I sent this morning to know how the mother and girls were, and called myself this afternoon. They are suffering terribly as you might expect. He was found lying back, with his arms over his head, as though in great pain. Every one I meet is affected by his death. Nothing else is spoken of." In another letter on Dec. 31, 1863, we read: "I went yesterday to the funeral, in Theodore Martin's carriage. It was a mournful scene, and badly managed. A crowd of women were there—from curiosity, I suppose—dressed in all colors, and around the grave, scarlet and blue colors shone out prominently. Indeed, the true mourners and friends could not get near, and intimate friends who were present, had to be hustled into their places during the ceremony of interment. We all, of course followed from the chapel, and, by that time, the grave was surrounded. There was a great lack of what is called 'high society', which I was surprised at. None of that class, of whom he knew so many were present. The painters were *nearly all* there—more even than the literary men."

VI.

The author of the book before us suggests that, in point of technical skill, Millais attained the zenith of his power in 1864, but he deems the fact too plain to be overlooked that 1865 marked a distinct advance in the direction of larger and more important pictures and greater breadth of treatment. His first picture in the year last named was "The Evil One Sowing Tares," then came "Esther," and next, "The Romans Leaving Britain." The subject of the last-named painting had always had a great attraction for Millais. We see in it the parting between a Roman legionary and his British mistress. They are placed on a cliff path overlooking the sea, where a large galley is waiting for the soldier. He kneels at the woman's feet with his arms clasped about her body. His face, unhelmeted, is hidden in her breast; her hands are upon his shoulders, and she looks steadfastly, with a passionate, eager, savage stare upon the melancholy waste of the gray and restless sea. It was in 1865 that Millais purchased the marble statue of "Leda and the Swan" by Michael Angelo, a work of art which had been in the possession of the Galli family for over three hundred years. The very next day after the purchase came a missive from the Russian Government requesting the Italian Government to buy the Leda for it at any price.

"Sleeping," "Waiting" and "The Minuet," the three pictures which Millais exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1867, are classed among the specimens of his later pre-Raphaelite manner, of which the "Vale of Rest" was the first example. We are told that these three pictures were exact portraits of his daughters, Carrie, Mary and Effie, and were not idealized in the slightest degree. Here we may fitly introduce some recollections of Millais by Mrs. Jopling, now Mrs. Jopling-Rowe. "The first time I saw John Everett Millais," she writes, "was at one of the private views of the old masters at Burlington House. I was walking with a mutual friend. 'Here comes Millais,' he said. You can imagine my excitement. I stared with all my eyes. My friend said, 'Good show of old masters!' 'Old masters be bothered! I prefer looking at the young mistresses!' said Millais, with a humorous glance at me as he walked on. My companion roared with laughter. 'There is only Johnny Millais who would dare make a remark like that!' I remember his telling me an incident that happened to himself. He was dining out and sitting next the hostess. On his other side was a charming society woman, who evidently had not caught his name when he was introduced to her, for she, presently, during a pause, started the usual subject of conversation in May—the Academy. 'Isn't Millais too dreadful this year? Then, seeing the agonized contortions of her hostess's countenance, she said; 'Oh, do tell me what I have done! Look at Mrs. ——'s face. I must have done or said something terrible!' 'Well,' laughed Millais, 'you really have, you know.' 'Oh, please tell me!' 'Better nerve yourself to hear. Drink this glass of sherry first.' 'Yes, yes; now, what is it?' For answer Millais said nothing, but, looking at her, pointed solemnly to himself. When it dawned upon her who her neighbor was, she was spared any confusion by Millais's hearty laughter."

Mrs. Jopling goes on to recall that "the Princess of Wales said to him once, while looking at several pictures in his studio, 'I wonder you can bear to part with them, Mr. Millais.' 'Oh, ma'am,' answered Millais, 'when I finish a picture I am just like a hen having laid an egg. I cry, "Come and take it away! Come and take it away!" And then I start upon another picture.'" Mrs. Jopling adds that: "The royal family were most sympathetic to him in his last illness. I remember coming away from seeing him one day, after having had a one-sided conversation with him—I talking and he responding on the slate he had to use after his voice failed him. A thought struck me that it seemed a pity to erase the last sayings of so rare a being. I was due at a sale of works at the Royal School of Art Needle Work, and, at Princess Christian's stall, I looked about for an appropriate notebook which might in after days be held precious to those who love John Millais. On making my want known to the Princess she immediately said: 'Oh, let me give it him. I should like to so much.' I asked her to write her name in it, which she immediately did, and I took it back to the dear patient."

The year 1867 witnessed another of the marked transitions in Millais's art life. As "The Vale of Rest" had proclaimed his emancipation from the excessive detail of pre-Raphaelite expression, so the two works, "Rosalind and Celia" and "Jephthah," painted this year, showed a further development in the style and character of his work. In "Rosalind and Celia," two or three broad streaks of the brush express exactly a fallen leaf which, a few years before, would have been highly worked up. Millais had great difficulty with the figure and pose of Celia. He painted it, originally, from his wife's sister, Mrs. Stibbard, but, for a long time, he struggled in vain to produce the effect he desired. It was only at the last moment, when the picture was about to leave his hands, that he succeeded in his object, taking for his model a pretty, dark woman, the wife of one of Lord Rothschild's clerks. For Rosalind, Mrs. Madley, a professional model, sat. Col. C. Lindsay sat for the principal figure in Jephthah. The lovely girl walking away with her arm around her sister's waist was a Miss Ward; the two other figures were models. This picture was the first of Millais's works that commanded a very large price. The last time "Rosalind" was shown, it brought £5,000. In "The Boyhood of Raleigh," produced in 1870, the two boys were painted from Millais's sons, Everett and George. For the sailor who is entrancing them with romantic tales of the Spanish Main, a professional model was employed. About "A Knight-Errant," exhibited in the same year, the only picture of Millais in which the nude figure is seen, the biographer has a word or two to say. It is, admittedly, one of the finest examples of the painter's art, but the Pharasaic spirit of the age was against it. Mrs. Grundy was shocked, or pretended to be, and, in consequence, it remained on the artist's hands until 1874. The artist originally painted the distressed lady who had been robbed, stripped and bound by thieves as looking at the spectators, but, after awhile, he came to the conclusion that the beautiful creature would look more modest if he turned her head away. So he took the canvas down and repainted it as we see it now.

In June of the year just named, Charles Dickens died. Millais had long entertained a tender regard for him, and went down to Gad's Hill Place, and made a sketch of him. He intended, at first, to make only a little outline drawing; but the features of the novelist struck him as being so calm and beautiful in death, that he ended by making a finished portrait, the value of which may be gathered from the following letter penned by Kate Dickens, now the wife of Mr. Perugini: "My dear Mr. Millais: C— has just brought down your drawing. It is quite impossible to describe the effect it has had upon us. No one but yourself, I think, could have so perfectly understood the beauty and pathos of that dear face as it lay on that little bed in the dining room, and no one but a man with a genius bright as his own could have so reproduced that face as to make us feel now when we look at it, that he is still with us in the house. Thank you, dear Mr. Millais, for giving it to me. There is nothing in the world I have, or can ever have, that I shall value half so much. I think you know this, although I can find so few words to tell you how grateful I am."

VII.

"Victory, O Lord," better known, perhaps, as "Joshua," was exhibited in 1871. In the composition of this picture, the artist seized the moment when Moses, Aaron and Hur are seen on the top of the mountain while Joshua fights with the Amelekites at the foot. Moses is seated, his face absorbed in religious triumph and an ecstacy of victorious zeal. He is thoroughly steadfast and immovable, while his supporters look as if fatigue had overcome their energies and destroyed their hopes for victory; each of them, though nearly fainting, clasps an arm of the chief against his breast, and bears it up with his hands: back, loins and lower limbs, all centred in one action. Aaron, in red, is erect; he turns half about so as to catch a glimpse of the fight in the valley below the rocky mountain-side on which the three are placed. Hur has the staff-hand of Moses, and, like Aaron, clasps it against his breast, bringing to it the support of all his remaining strength. The passage in Exodus which the painter aimed to reproduce, runs as follows: "So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amelek; and Moses, Aaron and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, that, when Moses held up his hands, that Israel prevailed; and, when he let down his hands, Amelek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun, and Joshua discomfited Amelek and his people with the edge of the sword." There is a little joke connected with this picture that the biographer repeats. Some years after it was exhibited, Millais was called upon to paint the portrait of a handsome Jewish lady, whose husband, Mr. Moses, had, for reasons best known to himself, changed his name to that of an old English one. The little circumstance was not forgotten when the portrait appeared on the Academy wall. In his report of the exhibition, a waggish critic wrote: "Some years ago, Mr. Millais painted a famous picture, 'Moses, Aaron and Hur.' This time, we see, he has painted her without Moses."

In the winter of 1871-72, another idea took possession of Millais's mind. In a review of his works, it has been asserted that he was incapable of making such a picture of three beautiful women together in the dress of the period as Sir Joshua Reynolds had produced in his famous portrait of "The Ladies Waldegrave." Millais determined to show the world that such a task was by no means beyond his power, even when handicapped by the ungraceful dress and coiffure of the early seventies. The result was "Hearts are Trumps," in which the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Armstrong appear, engaged in a game of cards. According to a contemporary critic, few of Millais's pictures, perhaps none, made a greater sensation on their appearance at the Academy than this group of three young girls. The arrangement is, of course, not a little reminiscent of the famous Sir Joshua, but there is a bravura in the execution and a union of respect for the minutest vagaries of fashion, with breadth of hand and unity of result which has never been excelled since the days of Velasquez. Among the works of 1873 was the portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim, which made a sensation at Paris in the Exhibition of 1878, and again at Munich in the following year.

When Landseer died in 1873, he left behind him three large unfinished pictures, among which was one intended to be a life-sized portrait of Nell Gwynne passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This painting, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to Millais to complete. One morning a celebrated art critic called, and was much impressed by the work. "Ah, to be sure," he said, going up close and examining a deerhound in the foreground, "how easily one can recognize Landseer's dogs! Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked Millais, lighting a pipe, "I finished painting that dog yesterday morning, and have done the whole of it myself."

"The Northwest Passage," exhibited at the Academy in the spring of 1874, was, perhaps, the most popular of all Millais's paintings at the time, not only for its intrinsic merit, but as an expression more eloquent than words of the wide felt desire that to England should fall the honor of laying bare the hidden mystery of the North. "It might be done, and England ought to do it." This was the stirring legend that marked the subject of the picture. It may not be generally known that Capt. Trelawney, who, in his younger days, had been an intimate friend of Byron and Shelley, sat for the old seadog whose weather-beaten features give utterance to the sentiment nearest to his heart. By his side is outspread a map of the nothern regions and, with her hand resting on his, his daughter sits at his feet, reading what is presumably the record of previous efforts to reach the pole. The female figure was painted from a model, who also posed for the "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," exhibited in 1876.

It is to this period of Millais's life that Mr. Stuart Wortley's recollections of him refer: "His appreciation of beauty in women was great. I remember the intense interest with which we all listened during a discussion of the beauties of the present day to his views on their comparative merits. He very distinctly gave the palm to Georgina, Lady Dudley, of all that he had seen, though he rated Mrs. Langtry very near her. On one occasion, in my studio, he said, 'What business have you to miss the beauty of that woman's nostril? Give me a brush.' And, in two minutes, he had put in the necessary line to refine my hard presentment. He was very strong on refinement and beauty of line in a woman's face, and on the scale and size of a portrait—that it should always be under life size, and, so to speak, stand back in its own atmosphere behind the frame. Very severe against false enlargement of the eyes—'ah, now you are getting to draw them nice and small,' he said to me, on the subject of eyes; the only part of a face that could not be painted absolutely literally from nature he declared to be the juncture of the wing of the nose and the cheek, accounting for this view by the fact that it is intensely mobile, varying with the slightest change of expression, action or light, and that, therefore, to fix it hard and fast in any direction is a mistake."

In the summer of 1876 was painted "The Yeoman of the Guard," a type of the old British warrior. The difficulty was to find a model who came up to the ideal wearer of the historic costume, but this at last the painter found in Major Robert Montague. It was this picture that caused the French artists to exclaim at the Paris Exposition of 1878, and opened Meissonier's eyes to the fact, as he himself said, that England had a great painter. In the following year Millais painted "Effie Deans;" the models for Effie Deans were Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Stibbard. This is usually considered one of Millais's most successful pictures in the field of romance. It is an interesting fact that, within a day of sending in this picture to the Academy, the lovely head of the girl appeared to the painter not high enough above the shoulders. He had the courage and the skill to shift and repaint the head about three-quarters of an inch higher, a task so difficult that the success accomplished on the spur of the moment is truly astonishing. The alteration is said to have occupied one morning only. In the following year Millais finished a portrait of the "The Jersey Lily," then in the zenith of her beauty. It was in the twelvemonth just named that he received in Paris the gold medal of honor, and was created an officer of the Legion of Honor. In the following year the portrait of Gladstone was painted; then came John Bright's, and this was followed in 1881 by the portrait of Cardinal Newman. Meanwhile, in 1880, Millais received from the University of Oxford the degree of D.C.L. The portrait of Lord Beaconsfield was unfinished at the time of the subject's death in April, 1881, but it was completed and exhibited by the Queen's command. The portrait of Tennyson followed; it seems that the latter recognized an extraordinary likeness between Dickens and himself. A year later, Millais received two honors which he valued more highly than any others conferred upon him. The Paris Academie des Beaux Arts elected him a Foreign Associate, while, from Germany, came the order *Pour le Merite*. In June, 1885, Mr. Gladstone's Government, with the Queen's approval, decided to do honor to art by offering baronetcies to Millais and Watts. Mr. Watts declined the offer, but Millais had long held that such a distinction was not only an honor to the recipient, but to the whole body of artists, and an encouragement to the pursuit of art in its highest and noblest form.

We must pass over Millais's latest pictures, and merely note that, after Lord Leighton died in January, 1896, he was unanimously chosen President of the Royal Academy. His days were already numbered. He had already begun "The Last Trek," a drawing of which he had made some time before, and which he had intended to paint. He suffered from a malignant tumor in the throat and his voice, once powerful, sank to a whisper. On Aug. 13, 1896, he breathed his last. He lies in the "Painters' Corner" of Westminster Abbey, in the same niche with his friend Leighton, and with his illustrious predecessors, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Benjamin West.

VIII.

Of Millais's attitude toward his own works, we learn from one of the few men with whom he conversed freely on matters of art that "he was remarkably frank in the estimate of his own work, and knew perfectly well, making no secret of his knowledge, just how permanent his reputation was likely to be. Even when suffering from the occasional depression that must haunt the most sanguine member of his profession, I do not think that he ever wavered in his belief as to what he really could do. I remember a delightfully naif instance of this which occurred one day when I called upon my return from a visit to Harlem. We were talking about the Frank Hals collection there, and became enthusiastic on the subject. In the middle of our conversation he suddenly turned round and pointed to a large important picture of his own, saying: 'I can fancy that some day people will talk of that picture as we are now talking of the Frank Hals.' There was no sign of boasting or conceit in his tone, only quiet consideration and conviction. Men of unusual capacity generally know their power perfectly well, but the majority of them are too reserved to express the knowledge. On the other hand, Millais was as open and frank as a boy and would have thought it mere affectation to disguise such a belief from a friend." Toward the works of other artists, home or foreign, he was absolutely eclectic, finding in every school of art something to admire. Talking on this subject with a friend, he said: "The best has been already done in art, such as the sculpture of Greece, the portraits of Rembrandt, &c. but artists are doing as well to-day; only their work has not the prestige of age. The newest art texture may be very fine in both detail and conception, but the hard lines have yet to be worn off. Artists have to wrestle to-day with the horrible antagonism of modern dress; no wonder, therefore, that few recent portraits look really dignified. Just imagine Vandyck's 'Charles I' in a pair of checked trousers!" On another occasion he said: "Paul Potter's 'bull' is a very overrated affair. Many men draw and paint domestic animals better than the old masters—notably, Henry Davis. A fine old Velasquez, with a hero on horseback, looking as if he would eat you up, is mounted on a poor horse, poorly drawn—an impossible creature. A far higher standard in this respect is required now. None of the old masters can touch Meissonier in this respect." To young men who thought of following art as a profession he rarely gave any encouragement. "The public," he would say, "are too discriminative now. They want something more than merely good art. Only the very best of everything is in demand. The man who can draw a few lines in black and white better than any one else is wanted; the man who can paint a pretty good oil painting is not. For mere mediocrity there is now no outlook."

M. W. H.

An Epitome of a Century's Progress.

From the Chicago Record.

Professor—"Miss Flavilla, mention a few of the most wonderful scientific inventions of the nineteenth century."

Miss Flavilla—"Yes, sir; the telephone, photograph buttons, golf capes and ice cream soda."